

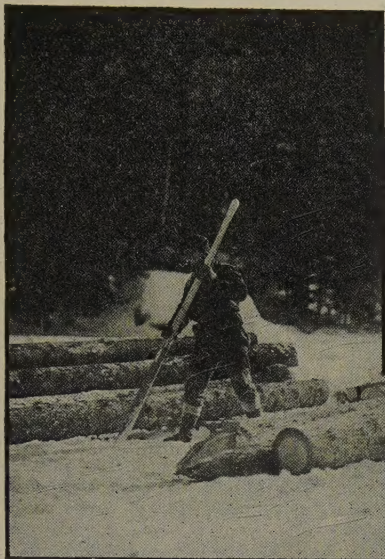
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 10

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 9, 1917



The Hannah Frances.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

HANNAH ROSE BARTON knew just what her father was expecting when he spoke of what last night's snowfall meant to his work in the woods. Now, the logs could be reached so much easier than on the frozen ground, and larger loads hauled out on the heavy sleds. But with Dan called away on jury duty he was short a driver for the gray horses. Rose had done so many unusual outdoor things during the past summer that it would be quite in keeping for her to offer to drive the grays to the shipyard mill. If Frances had not been sitting opposite at the table, that offer would have been the ruling thought to Rose; as it was, she shut her mouth in a firm line and wondered what Frances would think of a girl who could drive a pair of horses from a perch on a sled-load of logs.

It was at the beginning of Frances' first visit to the Bayport Bartons, and Rose was determined to have and hold the good opinion of this cousin who had always figured as a distant romance to her own rather colorless farm life. Always she had felt that to see and know Frances would be a wonderful experience. Now Frances had arrived after dark the night before, tired from the long train journey and the nervous strain of an overseas trip. Rose watched her surreptitiously across the breakfast-table; there was the beautiful sheen of faithful brushing on her brown hair; she certainly wore her plain blue serge with an unconscious air of distinction; the alert readiness to adapt herself to their simple ways made Rose wince at her own stupidity. Rose had never felt so shy and stupid in all her life as she did now Frances had come.

When Mr. Barton paused, Frances looked up and spoke impulsively.

"Can't I drive the team, Uncle Ned?"

Rose held her breath. It seemed so impossible that her slender-wristed cousin could mean her offer. For the moment she

did not understand that in those stricken countries across the ocean girls were about even more strenuous and unusual things than the summer had brought to the Bayport women.

"Rose was planning to show you the country from the sleigh," said Mr. Barton.

Frances turned to her cousin.

"Oh, please don't mind if we put off our ride for me to drive the team. You know the logs are for the shipyard and I must be helping every minute I can. It means a bit more food for those people in such need. Truly, Uncle Ned, I can be trusted with a gentle pair of horses."

"The grays are gentle, my girl, and you shall drive them," he promised. "You've eyes like your grandmother, child, and you have her practical way, too!"

"And one of her names. I always thought 'twas so lovely Rose had the other. Grandmother must have been so perfectly splendid with her fine courage to come way over here to start a new home."

"She was called 'Hannah Frances,'" explained Mr. Barton. "People used two names those days."

Rose was fidgeting. Ever since she had been old enough to understand about names she had insisted upon being called by her second one. She fancied a detestation for the old-fashioned "Hannah," and would hardly acknowledge its possession. And here was a girl admiring the name and the things it stood for. But it was of the driving that Rose spoke abruptly.

"I'll take the horses. I—I ought to have offered first."

Frances smiled happily.

"Then we can go together!" she cried.

"Together it is," concluded Mr. Barton.

"And ready to start in ten minutes."

Rather ashamed of the reluctant spirit she had shown and feeling uncertain she had met her cousin's approval, Rose ran for warm outer garments for them both; it would take until dinner-time to have the logs loaded and drive the team to the shipyard mill and home again. She chose a close crimson cap and sweater and stout brown gloves for Frances, who insisted gaily that she was going to drive.

"You look lovely," whispered Rose, admiringly.

"You're a dear to make me so comfy, Hannah Rose," laughed Frances, and Rose did not voice her objection to the use of her first name.

The morning air was crisp and clear; the sled runners crunched a fresh trail up the wood road where tree limbs were bending under their loads of snow and every bare branch was outlined in white against the sky, and the whole world was like a fairyland of diamonds and purity. Frances held the lines taut over the horses' broad gray backs, and chatted gaily to Rose about her fancies of the still, white woods. Up on the hillside the girls waited while men loaded the sled with logs and Mr. Barton drove the gray horses down on to the town highway.

"Good luck to you," he said, turning back



for his own team while they drove on to the mill.

From the higher levels they could see the blue water of the bay dancing in the sunshine, and at last the village came in sight, a cluster of houses and along the water front a line of wharves and a small shipyard where three sailing-vessels were being built, one of them as yet but a skeleton of timbers, and the others nearly ready for the launchings. Frances could hear the racket of the hammers, and Rose fancied the smell of oakum reached a mile away. Perhaps the horses smelled the pungent calking, too, or perhaps they resented the reins being so tautly held, or perhaps they just wanted to show their splendid young strength; at any rate, they started briskly down a slope. Frances pulled tighter.

"Whoa!" she said timidly.

But the horses did not mind either rein or word. Their pace was faster, and the logs lurched enough to alarm Rose. She was sitting on a blanket behind Frances and watched her cousin sharply. Should she interfere? Were Frances' wrists strong enough to control the horses? They were plunging faster now, and when the sled runners struck a rut the load lurched dangerously. "Whoa!" cried Frances, trying to be bold.

They were entering the village. A boy stopped and stared as they passed him, and then he started after to see the catastrophe. Frances braced her feet and pulled. Rose leaned over and took the reins in her strong gloved hands.

"Let me!" she said. "Bill! Jimmie! Stop it!"

The horses slowed a little. A man ran out from the village store, but he did not reach their heads in time. Rose pulled with all her might, and a driver coming toward them was keen enough to turn his sleigh into the gutter that the running team might have the safety of a clear road.

"Jimmie! Whoa!" called Rose.

The big horse heard and heeded the voice

he knew. At the shipyard gate they stopped, panting a little, but docile and quite tamed. Rose laughed shakily as she slipped down from the logs and answered the master of the shipyard, who came running because some one had telephoned about the horses.

"We're quite safe, Mr. Compton," she assured him.

Frances slipped down too and put her hand on Rose's arm.

"I'll be all right in a minute, but my knees feel useless enough now. It was perfectly splendid the way you stopped the horses, Hannah Rose!"

"My arms are awfully strong, and the horses are used to having me speak to them," said Rose.

"I—I ought not to have offered to drive them. Truly, I thought I could do it, and I wanted so to help!"

"I could do it, and I ought to have wanted to help without minding what you would think of me," said Rose, stoutly.

Mr. Compton turned from directing his men where to unload the logs.

"Don't you want to name the new brig, girls?" he asked. "We haven't decided on a name yet, and I'm sure yours would bring her luck."

"You do it, Frances!" said Rose.

"I will!" declared Frances. "I'll name the ship after our grandmother."

"The 'Hannah Frances' she is," agreed Mr. Compton. "Your grandmother was a woman of fine feelings and strength to carry out plans."

"Then the ship will be named after me too," said Rose.

"Indeed she will," laughed Frances. "Grandmother, and you, and me!"

And perhaps it was best of all that Hannah Rose Barton had learned not to imagine what other people might think when she offered her services for helpfulness, because that was quite unworthy of her strength and the fine feeling that could be in her heart.

A Change of Work.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"ONE, two, three; one, two, three—chores, choppin', chores; chores, choppin', chores!" grumbled a boy, as he stumbled into the dark kitchen entry with a pan of potatoes which he was to peel and prepare for breakfast. "Why can't my work ever get up to something high's four, I wonder? It's kitchen boy till breakfast's over an' it's light 'nough to see the woodpile; then it's chop, chop till dinner, an' then chop, chop till supper, an' after that kitchen boy again till it's time to creep off to bed. An' 'tain't six days in the week, it's seven, 'ceptin' the choppin's left off on Sunday. Fi, fo, fiddle, fum, smell the blood of an— Why don't they let me ride horse for plowin', like Jimmie does,—he's only six months older,—or pick up stones, or something? Yes'm," in answer to a call from his mother; "I'm peelin' 'em fast's I can."

Slowly the dark corners of the kitchen and entry grew lighter; the noisy challenges from the poultry grew less insistent and strident; one by one the farmer and his older boys filed in from the barn. Breakfast over, they started off for the various points of the day's labor.

"Makin' a pretty good show at the woodpile, Lish," the farmer said affably as he passed his youngest boy, who had picked

up his hat and was following them. "Your chopped pile looks 'bout big's a meetin'-house."

"Yes, sir," despondently; "but t'other side's bigger. Much as fifteen cords left, I b'lieve."

"Yes, 'bout that, I guess," reflectively. "We hauled in twenty-four or so. But don't get downhearted, sonny. Another month will pretty nigh wind up the whole thing if you look sharp; then ye can have a change o' jobs."

As they stepped out upon the grass, a broad, kindly face appeared at the kitchen window.

"Oh, Silas, seen anything o' that turkey hen—the wild one?"

The farmer stopped and took off his hat thoughtfully.

"No, Ma, I don't know's I have, not since yest'day noon; then I seen her sneakin' off toward the upper pastur'. S'pose she's stealin' a nest ag'in, like last year."

"She must be. All the other hens have been layin' or settin' this long time, an' the wild one only gets home now an' ag'in for eatin'. Ye must try an' look her up, Silas," anxiously. "If ye don't she'll be comin' off with a lot o' young turkeys, an' will trail 'em to death through the wet grass."

"Now, Ma, I don't see how I can, really, with all the spring work on; an' I need the boys' help jest now. Don't ye s'pose Lish is big 'nough? Hey, Lish," turning to the boy, "couldn't ye foller up that turkey to her nest; or," his eyes twinkling, "would ye rather cut wood?"

"Rather hunt turkey's nest—'nough sight ruther," cried the boy, eagerly. "Can I, Ma?" to the face at the window.

"I s'pose so," doubtfully; "but I'm afraid it'll be time wasted. That turkey's smart."

Lish flushed at the inference.

"Oh, I can find her all right," he cried valiantly; "jest as easy's nothin'."

"Mebbe," dryly; "but fill my woodbox up fast."

Lish hurried away and was soon staggering under armfuls of wood that reached above his head. The woodbox filled, he rushed to the barnyard, to the poultry house, to the orchard where some of the turkeys were accustomed to roost at night, to the oat-field, everywhere about the house and outbuildings; but though he saw all the other turkeys, he could not catch a glimpse of the one he was in search of. At length he started for the upper pasture, where she had been seen the day before. This he went over carefully from side to side and end to end, with only the result of scaring up a meadow-lark and frightening a rabbit from the underbrush. It was not until near noon, after he returned to the barn, that he saw the turkey quietly feeding with the rest of the flock.

He stared at her in amazement. Where had she been, and how had she gotten back, with him watching every point so sharply? Was his mother right after all? Was the turkey smarter than he? His eyes snapped at the thought.

Lish was by no means a dull boy, and he realized that all his strategy and patience would be needed to outwit the bird. He must not let her suspect that she was being watched or followed, or the quest would be futile. He had heard his father tell of a turkey remaining three days from her nest, just because she had seen some one looking at her when she tried to steal away.

This one had been seen making her way cautiously toward the upper pasture. Her nest must be somewhere in that direction. He would begin there.

So he made a long detour, starting from the opposite side of the house so the turkey should not suspect, and going round a hill and through a field of huckleberry bushes, until at length he entered the upper pasture from the far side.

Near the center was an irregular thicket of bayberry, which would afford a splendid concealment. He stole into this upon his hands and knees, then snuggled flat upon the ground and waited.

He had a clear view of the first two fields toward the house, and upon these he fixed his eyes. But an hour went by, two hours, and he was on the point of changing his position to get a nearer view of the house, when he saw the turkey enter the second lot, feeding to the right, to the left, apparently in every direction except toward him. But all the time he felt that she was drawing nearer. On and on she came, increasing her pace and decreasing her caution as she thought the danger of pursuit grew less. How the boy's eyes snapped and his heart throbbed! What a fine thing it was to live in the country, with all sorts of fun to interest one! He wouldn't be a city boy for anything.

Four rods, two rods; then the turkey fed off toward the right of the bayberry thicket, and he turned slightly to watch her. Presently she circled back and fed round to the left, and he turned in that direction to watch. At last she raised her head and came straight toward him, swiftly, without pause or hesitation. His heart gave a great throb of exultation, then sank in sudden dismay, for they were staring into each other's eyes, not three feet apart.

The turkey uttered a sharp "Quit! quit!" and turned and began to feed deliberately back toward the house. Lish rose with tears starting to his eyes. There would be no further use in watching that turkey, for a day or two at least. She would be too wary. He would have to return to the woodpile, defeated.

"Sneaked half 'way round to the right o' the bayb'ries, then half 'way round to the left, then come straight towards ye," said the farmer, reflectively, when Lish related the day's occurrences to him that evening. "H'm! ye've done a good deal better'n I expected, Lish, a good deal. Ye needn't try the woodpile to-morrer mornin'. Jest go up to that bayb'ry thicket an' hunt round clost."

Lish did so, and found the turkey's nest not six feet from where he had been lying.

Tin-Courage.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

I BOUGHT him for a dollar,
That plucky little clock,
And his nickel-plated courage is as stubborn
as a rock;

I've dropped him and I've lost him,
I've banged him and I've tossed him,
I've let him lie forgotten on the floor,
But the plucky little fellow,
All scratched and bent and yellow,
Is biting, fighting bull-dog to the core;
He knows what he was made for,
So, in spite of every shock,
He still persists in being
Just a small, tin, trusty clock.

Taming the Porcupines.

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN.

FROM very early in life Ruth was taught to love everything the good Lord had made—that is, all things not wicked and harmful. Birds and animals all had in her a friend. When her father was made superintendent of a game farm, it looked as if she would have her hands full and would find some animal or some bird that her gentle ways would fail to reach.

In the deer pasture, the buck that hooked her father yielded to kindness and would eat from her hand, behaving like a perfect gentleman. The pheasants, wild, crazy things with voices as harsh as crows', and who, like everything or everybody whose sole dependence is on good looks, amount to little, seemed to know when Ruth was around; they ran through their pens in a less insane manner and screamed less harshly. The wild ducks waddled about her and over her white shoes, soiling them with footprints of mud while begging with low quacks for a little notice or a handful of wheat or dead flies. The big gray geese arched their necks proudly as they held their heads for her to rub, and failed to hiss at her as they did at her mother. In fact, Ruth ruled the wild creatures of the farm one and all by love and kindness; but when the two porcupines came, it looked, as if there would be rebels in her kingdom and that her reign of kindness had run into an obstacle not easily overcome—for who ever heard of a porcupine being anything but mean, sneaking, and filled with quills and curiosity?

A nice pen of wire was built for the new arrivals, with a barrel filled with straw for a nest and hiding-place. They immediately crawled into this, coming out only at night to eat a little and drink a lot.

Ruth's father, becoming afraid that all was not well with his charges, went one day to see. Result: Mr. Porcupine—or maybe Mrs., I am not sure which—rapped him over the hand with his tail, leaving stuck in the flesh six or seven quills with points barbed and sharp as fish-hooks. And they stayed there until pulled out with a pair of pincers.

"Here is one thing you cannot tame," he told Ruth; "and," he continued, "I wouldn't advise you to try very hard. There is no sense in giving those brutes a chance to make a pin-cushion of you, as they surely will if you go fooling around them much."

The girl made no reply, only laughed; but the next morning she sat herself down on a box near the cage and off and on for an hour talked to the porcupines until one at last poked his nose out of the barrel to see what it all meant, whisked back, and was gone. Then Ruth, satisfied with her progress, left until late in the afternoon, when she returned and continued the getting-acquainted business.

The porcupines soon came to know her, took it as a matter of course that she should be there, and often came out of the barrel to stare at her. Ruth then began to bring choice bits of food with which to tempt

their appetites. They liked boiled potatoes better than raw, ate bread and milk with much relish, nibbled at cake as if trying to find what it was made of, evidently thought pie was too mushy, for they passed it by with upturned noses, but apples—raw apples sliced—they certainly did like, and they soon would come close to the netting after pieces of apple reached to them on the end of a stick.

In a week's time, the porcupines not only were very well acquainted with Ruth, but began to watch for her coming. Then she decided to find out how tame they really were. So one morning, carrying several slices of nicely peeled apple, she walked into the pen. This the porcupines did not fully understand, and brandishing their tails they retreated to a corner, from which they refused to move. Ruth tossed them the pieces of apple and went away, only to repeat the performance later in the day.

Each time she entered their cage, the animals were less shy, less threatening with



"Nor did he stop at begging, but would climb up into Ruth's lap and search for choice bits of food."

their tails, until in a few days they would come boldly up to her, eat from her hand, make a funny squeaking noise if she passed the pen without stopping, and at length would stand erect on their hind legs and beg for food like circus dogs.

"That is what kindness and patience will do," she told her father as he watched her from a distance. He did not try to come near the cage, because the porcupines, remembering that morning when he was rough with them, would have hidden had he done so.

Then the baby porcupine came, one of the few ever born in captivity. He was covered with sharp spines the same as his father and mother, and when humped into a round ball, nothing could be seen but two twinkling black eyes and a mass of pointed quills.

Ruth's mother cautioned: "Be careful, daughter; animals are often very cross when they have young." But the girl replied: "I am not afraid, mother, they won't try to harm me. You just watch, only don't come too close."

The old porcupines, instead of acting meanly, really appeared glad to have Ruth visit their pen and proud when she noticed their baby. Not only that, the little fellow showed no fear, but took a liking to the girl from the start, and as soon as he could toddle, would, in a funny way, try to imitate his parents when they were begging for a piece of apple. Nor did he stop at begging, but would climb up into Ruth's lap and reach for choice bits of food, being careful not to touch her arm with his sharp quills.

How he knew so much from the very first I am sure I cannot tell; he did, that is all I know. But then, every animal and every bird is a whole lot wiser than people give it credit for being, and this little porcupine was no exception to the rule.

Ask Ruth: "How do you do it? How do you make them all like you?" and I know what her reply will be. She will answer, "By kindness and patience, by treating them in the same way that I would like to be treated were I a bird or an animal."

Every person, all the birds of the air and beasts of the field, very soon learn to like one who is kind and gentle with them. What is true of the so-called dumb creatures also applies in every-day life. If you doubt this, try the experiment and see for yourself.

What Maidie Found in Mexico.

BY HARRIET IVES.

MAIDIE was a very lonely little girl for many weeks after her father moved to Mexico. There was a large beautiful house for her to live in and servants to do the bidding of her parents. Still Maidie was very lonely, for although she had been in that lovely country many weeks she had never found a little friend.

Maidie often saw a pretty girl with rosy cheeks and white teeth smiling at her from a neighboring house. She also watched the boys and girls play together in the park, or *patio*. They played very much as she did in her own country. Sometimes the boys played soldiers and the little girls house-keeping.

Maidie could stand on her terrace and see the little girls in groups. She knew they were playing ladies, and serving dinners to their favorite rag-dolls. Mexican rag-dolls are very famous, and Maidie had bought one as soon as she went to Mexico. Maidie often wished for a little girl to play with.

One day she coaxed Anita, the cook, to teach her how to make the Mexican bread, *tortillas*. Anita took meal made from corn soaked in lye to remove its hard outer coat, mixed it with water and baked it in flat cakes on an earthenware griddle over hot coals. When they were ready, Maidie took her cakes out on the lawn to eat them.

She was surprised to see her pretty rosy-cheeked neighbor coming to meet her.

"My name is Rosita," she said. "May I make a dinner with you? See, I have brought black beans, and my own stone dishes. We can dine from them."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

WOLLASTON, MASS.,
283 Highland Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I have always attended the same Unitarian Sunday school.

Last June I received a Bible, it being the tenth anniversary of my christening.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

I wish to become a member of your Club, and I thank you now.

Yours truly,
GRACE M. SEYMOUR.

OAKLAND, CAL.,
4411 Brookdale Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the First Unitarian Sunday school of Oakland.

I hope I will be able to go every Sunday. I think *The Beacon* is one of the most interesting papers I ever read. I was eight April 17th, 1917. I wish to join the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
EVELYN CHILDS.

OAKLAND, CAL.,
4430 Brookdale Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school of Oakland. I started to this one

five years ago next Easter. Our minister is Mr. William Day Simonds. I am in the Intermediate grade and am fortunate in having Mrs. Miller for my teacher.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club, as I think the purpose and motto are very good.

Yours sincerely,
ELIZABETH N. REED.

BILLERICA, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Miss Cole is my Sunday school teacher and I like her. Mr. Walsh is our minister and I like him. I belong to the Lend-a-Hand Club. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like it very much.

Sincerely yours,
MADELYN ALLEY.

WOLLASTON, MASS.,
294 Fayette Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Wollaston Unitarian Sunday school.

I enjoy reading the stories in *The Beacon* very much. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear a button.

I am very much interested in the Recreation Corner of *The Beacon*. I always look there first.

With love,
BERNADINE BARKER.
(Age 11 years.)

The Little Toy Garden.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

TWAS a little toy garden in Japanese dish,

With a make-believe river and celluloid fish,
And a horse-shoe shaped bridge to cross over and wish.

It was all make-believe, don't you know!

Oh, a tiny pagoda stood high on a hill,
And its little bells tinkled with merry good-will;

And the Japanese priest near the doorway stood still,—

He was quite make-believe, don't you know!

Oh, a very wee owl in a very wee tree
Looked as wise as an owl not a real one can be;

And the things that he saw were as funny as he.

They were all make-believe, don't you know!

For he saw a small tea-house with lanterns alight,
Where a little jinrikisha—such a gay sight!—
Was awaiting a maiden in quaint costume bright.

This was all make-believe, don't you know!

And a wee old stone lantern a softened light threw
O'er the small wishing-bridge. There a figure he knew

Made a wish, and of course it will surely come true,

For 'twas quite make-believe, don't you know!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XX.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 6, 2, 11, is an animal.
My 1, 2, 12, 6, 7, 10, 4, are used for lighting.
My 7, 5, 11, 3, are worn out of doors.
My 13, 10, 11, 9, is something a hen does.
My 6, 8, 11, we do with scissors.
My *whole* is the name of a State in this Union.

DOROTHY BAKER.

ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 4, 1, 8, is a color.
My 1, 2, 3, was the first woman.
My 6, 7, 9, is not female.
My 10, 7, 4, 3, is what you feel after you have run a long time.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is an adverb.
My *whole* is a well-known magazine.

MORTON R. GIBBONS, Jr.

BURIED BIRDS.

"Frederic, row and stop howling," said Mrs. Clarke to her only son, with some bitterness. "Steal along by that spar rotting in the water—one more good wrench on the oar and it will be a matter of inches for us to gain the brook."

But the sea was so covered over with rushes that he preferred another avenue of approach. Suddenly throb after throb in the still air came to their ears, seemingly from behind a house of stucco, otherwise called plaster, on the next point. "The sea gleams with a steamer's lights," said the boy, "and our jib is in too plain view. I fear our fortunes wane."

The Independent.

MINUS ATES.

— ate the fruit of palms that stand
Along Sahara's desert sand.

— ate a barrier on a wall,
That shuts or opens there for all.

— ate long past the usual time;
Some hold this hygienic crime.

— ate a partner, comrade, equal;
I can't attempt to tell the sequel.

— ate a ratio, value, grade;
Or interest, or price that's paid.

— ate aversion, or ill will;
Such fare would make most people ill.

— ate to fill, or satiate;
A glutton's appetite is great.

The Wellspring.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XVI.—*The Beacon*.

ENIGMA XVII.—Herbert Hoover.

HARVEST CHESS.—Wheat, rye, potatoes, corn, oats, cotton, beans, barley, turnips, peas, pears, apples, rice, onions, grapes, spinach, celery, carrots, cabbage, melons, oranges, bananas, hay, hops.

PR.—The little birds twitter and cheep

To their loves on the leafless larch:

But seven foot deep the snow-wreaths sleep,
And the year hath not worn to March.

RIDDLE.—Sole, soul.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 60 cents



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

"Indeed I am glad you have come," replied Maidie. "You can show me how you eat *torillas*."

Rosita broke one *torilla* in many small pieces, and laid a black bean on each piece. When they ate them, Maidie thought them very good indeed. After their dinner they put on long dresses and played with their pretty rag-dolls.

Maidie was never lonely any more while in Mexico, because she had found a little friend who could share her pleasures.

Comrades.

A FIREFLY cried across the night:
"O lofty star, O streaming light,
Clear eye of heaven, immortal lamp
Set high above the dew and damp,
Thou great high priest to heaven's king
And chief of all the choirs that sing
In golden, endless antiphons
Of praise before the eternal thrones—
Hear thou my prayer of worship; thine
The glory, all the dimness mine!
I am a feeble glimmering spark
Vagrant along the lower dark."

The star called down from heaven's roof
With humble heart and mild reproof:
"The power that made the Breath that blew
My fires aglow has kindled you
With equal love and equal pain,
With equal toil of heart and brain.
I am like you a wandering light,
Your elder comrade in the night;
We are two sisters, you and I,
And when we both burn out and die
It will be scarcely known from far
Which was the firefly, which the star."

ODELL SHEPARD,
in Youth's Companion.